

Save a Horse, Ride a Cowboy by **Luddleston**

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Summary:

Matt wants to know what gets Shiro going. Who better to ask than the guy with all the first-hand experience?

Adam is extremely magnanimous and supportive of Shiro's new relationship, and all too happy to give Matt some details on some of Shiro's lesser-known kinks.

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Author's Note:

THE PEOPLE IN THE SHATT DISCORD ARE ALL ENABLERS.

WHAT'S-HIS-FACE WHO DOES THE MATT VOICE IS ALSO AN ENABLER FOR MAKING A TERRIBLE MOVIE WHERE HE HAS A SOUTHERN ACCENT.

It is important that you know the google docs title for this is "Yeehaw Matt"

Matt had never quite understood why Shiro insisted on him never mentioning anything to Adam about their sex life. He'd chalked it up to Shiro being weird about his ex talking to his current boyfriend, but Adam was probably the chilliest ex-boyfriend in existence. He'd been the one who told Matt to just go for it and ask Shiro out in the first place! Sure, it had just been because Adam wanted Matt to stop complaining about his feelings for Shiro, but that was beside the point.

The point was, Matt finally got why Shiro was so weird about it.

It was 'cuz Shiro had some secret kinks he didn't want Matt to know about, and Adam was all too happy to share the details.

Matt didn't really get that, either, because he wasn't gonna judge Shiro, or anything. Matt didn't care what Shiro wanted in bed, as long as Matt got to be there for it. And honestly, Shiro getting turned on by cowboy boots and southern accents and that kind of shit wasn't very high on the list of weirdest kinks he could have had. Matt *could* have ended up calling him Daddy or something.

Matt probably wouldn't mind that, either, if he was completely honest with himself.

He told Pidge he was shopping for the boots and the hat for a costume party. She didn't ask him why somebody was hosting a costume party in February, or she just assumed Matt was already planning his Halloween getup for next year.

And Jesus Christ, cowboy boots were fucking expensive.

Matt almost, almost thought about asking Adam if he had a pair, then figured Shiro would recognize them, and that would not be a good conversation to have. And he found a black pair with silver stitching and little silver studs that he actually kinda liked, even outside of fulfilling his boyfriend's kinks. He thought about getting spurs. He also thought that would be veering too hard into BDSM territory, and he just got himself a matching black Stetson, instead.

Practicing a Southern accent in front of a mirror made him feel ridiculous, which was impressive, because it took a lot to make Matt feel ridiculous. The outfit didn't make him feel ridiculous. The outfit was kind of cute, honestly.

Matt had the whole thing planned out. They were going out to dinner for Shiro's birthday (yes, Matt was doing this on his birthday, cuz he was the best boyfriend ever), and then Matt was gonna invite Shiro back to his place for drinks. He would duck into his room to "get Shiro's present" and come back fully decked out and ready to rock Shiro's world.

It was perfect.

Everything went according to plan. Shiro loved dinner; they went to a place where Matt had had to make actual reservations, and it was classy as fuck. No prices on the menu. Glasses of wine poured for them by an actual sommelier, who told them what all the notes in it were supposed to be, or whatever. Matt didn't let Shiro see the check because Shiro would complain about Matt spending too much on him. Ridiculous. Matt had a perfectly good job and could absolutely spend however much he wanted on his boyfriend.

Matt checked himself over in the mirror once before stepping back out into the living room. He thought he looked fucking hot no matter what your kinks were, and Shiro must have thought the same, because his eyes went huge and his face went red as soon as he saw Matt in his full getup.

The boots and the hat were only part of the ensemble, you see. Matt had thought about going full Brokeback Mountain and wearing jeans and a plaid button-up, but when he tried it all on, he looked like a actual cowboy, not a slutty cowboy. He was going for the latter, so he endured the weird looks and bought a pair of daisy dukes from the thrift store, then left the plaid shirt unbuttoned, tying it at the bottom to keep it cinched around his waist. The shorts hugged his ass perfectly, and even if he didn't have pecs like Shiro's, the shirt showed off enough of his chest to be enticing, anyway.

He launched right into the act, planting one booted foot onto the couch next to Shiro's thigh and leaning in.

"Hey there, Peaches," he said, letting his voice come out in as much of a drawl as he could. "Couldn't help but notice you looked a little lonely over there."

Shiro stared openly, from the top of Matt's hat to the tip of his boots and oh yeah, Matt was gonna need to send Adam a thank-you card later. "Uh..." Shiro said, which didn't give Matt much to role play off of, but was definitely a Shiro-ish response to something sexy, so Matt took it in stride.

"You want some company?" he asked, sliding fully into Shiro's lap. Shiro's hands smoothed up his thighs, appreciating the fact that Matt shaved his legs for this. At least, Matt thought that was what he was doing.

Then, Shiro burst into nervous laughter, like he couldn't hold it in anymore. "Um... sure?" He continued to giggle, looping both forefingers in Matt's beltloops to pull him closer. Goddamit. Matt should've gotten a belt with a big-ass buckle. "Matt, what the hell are you doing?"

"Just havin' a little fun," Matt said, slowly grinding into Shiro's lap. He didn't feel like he was getting hard yet. Maybe Matt was so good at this, he'd intimidated Shiro's boner. That was it.

"No, I mean, the whole... cowboy? Thing? Why are you dressed like that?" Shiro asked it like he couldn't possibly imagine how Matt figured this out.

"Hmm... little someone told me you'd like it," he said, draping his wrists over Shiro's shoulders, bringing their faces closer.

Shiro continued to become increasingly incredulous. "Wait... who? What? Why would somebody tell you I'd like this?"

"Oh my god, Shiro," Matt said, dropping the accent. "You can quit pretending like this doesn't get you going, Adam told me everything. Seriously, it's not that weird. It's kinda fun, actually."

Shiro sighed, his head tipping back. "Oh my god, Adam. That ass. I'm not into this cowboy thing, in particular, no. He's fucking with you." Shiro took the hat off Matt's head and smoothed his bangs out of his eyes.

"Wait, no, but he said you watched a bunch of Clint Eastwood in high school and it just kind of grew from there!"

"Nope," Shiro said, shaking his head, "never happened."

Well, that explained the lack of a boner underneath Matt's ass. Goddammit. Matt dropped his head onto Shiro's shoulder rather than doing what he actually felt like, which was something along the lines of smacking it into the nearest wall. "Oh my god. So I'm just dressed like this for no goddamn reason and it's not even turning you on."

"I mean, it's cute," Shiro said, laughing again, less nervous this time. "It's very cute. And you could probably turn me on in anything, Matt. I was just kind of... shocked?"

"Well, that's no surprise. I'm really glad I didn't buy those spurs, now."

"Not even gonna ask," Shiro said. He rested one hand on the back of Matt's neck, holding him close. "Matt, you don't have to try and put on a show for me or anything. I like what we normally do in bed. Or... are *you* into this?"

"Well. Not really," Matt admitted. "I like the boots, though, those make me feel pretty badass. But these shorts are squishing the hell out of my junk. And I didn't wear underwear under them, which was kind of a mistake."

Shiro's hands came to rest on Matt's waist, on the bared strip of skin between his shirt and his shorts. He pressed his face to Matt's neck as he spoke, the words vibrating against Matt's skin. "Now, the no underwear thing, that, I'm into," he said. His hands crept lower, lower, until he reached Matt's fly.

"Hey, one question," Matt said, and Shiro paused, leaning back until he could make eye contact, which was Shiro's way of focusing in when he was getting distracted by arousal. Matt was starting to feel better about this whole thing again.

"Yeah?"

"Can I keep the boots on while we fuck?"

Shiro smiled as he leaned in to kiss him. "Sure, baby," he said, "whatever you want."

Author's Note:

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